

# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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## WINNING AND LOSING A WIFE.

The young crescent moon hung like a curved thread of silver, in the orange horizon that still burned and glowed where the sun had set more than an hour ago. From the woods that crested the gentle slope came at intervals the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, and the whole scene was full of delicious repose. The windows of the little inn that nestled among the hills and trees, were draped with roses, whose crimson cups swung too and fro in the fragrant wind that had been stealing perfume from a thousand sheltered copse and blossoming wild flowers. It was a pretty, Picturesque spot enough—not a fashionable hotel, by any means, but merely a stopping place for the stages that performed tri-weekly journeys over the steep roads to the mineral springs that lay eight or ten miles beyond.

In the white-curtained apartment dignified by the title of "ladies' parlor," one passenger was quietly sauntering up and down, waiting for the arrival of the aforesaid stage. By the light of the solitary lamp on the table, she looked very fair and delicate in her dove-colored traveling dress and the pearly edgings of lace round her throat and wrists. Her hair was just that shade of pale brown that verges into gold, and the brilliant hazel eyes, fringed by long curled lashes, gave an expression of winning softness to the whole face. You never would have suspected that this girl was a belle and a beauty in drawing-room; of the metropolis—she seemed so formed by nature to deck the quiet solitude where she was at this moment. Thus expeditiously did Fate scatter her girl-blossoms over the face of that earth!

As she paced the floor, playing with a sprig of roses she had gathered from a saucy branch which fairly hung into the room, and singing softly to herself the door opened, and a ruddy-faced old gentleman, armed and equipped with carpet-bags innumerable, made his appearance.

"The stage is ready, Mary!" So soon, papa?"

"So soon! I should think it was time!—Here I've waited a mortal half-hour in this savage place, where a body can't so much as get a good cigar or a week old newspaper! I, for one, shall be glad to get away from it! Give me your traveling basket, my love—take care of the turn in the step! Here we are, safe inside—And away went the lumbering vehicle.

"Hold on, driver, here's a pair of belated passengers for you!"

The officiating John drew in his horse with a jerk, as a merry voice hailed him from the roadside.

"Room for two, inside?

"Just room, sir. The door swung creaking on its hinges and closed again. Miles Vere's heart had involuntarily quickened its pulsations in the moment, those clear, pleasant accents had chimed through the heavy night air, and she knew that two rival lovers whose company she had been disappointed in not having in the stage, were about entering on the scene. Yes, with all a woman's perversity, she sat silently in her corner, and was secretly rejoiced that paper was sleeping soundly in his corner. The two young men, (Alfred Gordon and Frank Milbrook,) who had walked ahead to commanding point to see the sun set, soon came into the stage, which again went jolting along until it suddenly stopped once more.

"What are we stopping for now? exclaimed Gordon.

The stage door was opened with an abruptness that had nearly precipitated Mr. Gordon out upon the green turf; and the driver shouted:

"Gentlemen and ladies, can't you make room for one more?"

The expectant passenger presented herself on the steps. By the uncertain glimmer of the box lamps, she appeared to be a shrivelled old woman of nearly seventy, with a crumpled black bonnet, a pair of rusty cotton gloves, and an umbrella that must have been bequeathed her from the days when there were giants upon the earth! Alfred Gordon viewed her tout ensemble with dismay.

"Room, driver? what are you talking about? we are crowded already!"

I know it, sir; but her daughter's sick, and she wants to get to her rightaway. It's old Siah Smith's widow, down to—"

I don't care whose widow she is—there isn't room. Look at her camphor bottles and rusty crapes—a nice companion to be jammed into a close coach with. Go ahead, driver, judging from the looks of her shoes, a walk of four or five miles won't hurt her."

Gordon, for shame! exclaimed Milbrook, reprovingly. Have you forgotten that she is a weak and aged woman? I'll ride outside myself. Madam, will you accept my seat?"

He alighted as he spoke, and courteously offered his aid to the venerable relic of Siah Smith, who, being half blind, and more than half deaf, had been balancing on the steps in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

In vain Alfred Gordon shrigged his shoulders and curled his lip at the close vicinity of the camphor bottle and big wicker basket. Milbrook arranged the old lady's worn shawl as carefully as if it had been the cashmere of a duchess.

I don't know who you may be, young sir, said the old creature, in a tremulous voice, as he at length withdrew, but I know you're a good son to your mother."

There was no reply. The door was closed, and the ponderous vehicle slowly got into motion once more.

A PUZZLE FOR THE LADIES.—Below we give an ingenious puzzle for the ladies, with the indomitable that if any young lady can solve it, she can have the exquisite pleasure of embracing and kissing our Devil!

"I am a good son to my mother."

But that you have you'll find out, and the coach passed on without her. We give this as an illustration of the tendency of the times.—Circleville Democrat.

The tailing of a cross woman, like the tailing of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

More sense has been whipped out of schoolboys than was ever whipped into them.

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From the Home Journal.

AT SEA. T. S. J. W.

ST. M. HANCOCK.

Mother, it is the Sabbath day—

A Sabbath morn at sea,

The storms roaring wild,

The waves are rolling high,

And in the distance kiss the sky;

Threatening thy child With sternity.

And I have tried to pray,

And said, "Oh God, with a fitting speech,

"Preserve me through the day;"

But my poor feeble prayer,

Dies on the troubled air,

And my heart cries, Mother, pray.

Five hundred hearts are bowed in prayer;

There are kneeling supplicants everywhere;

To go to God I do not dare,

I've gone so far astray,

Up through the storm I've looked to heaven,

To catch one gleam of light

That bids me hope to be forgiven;

Should I now go to God in flight?

But oh, there's no gleam of light!

Mother, it is a fearful thing,

Forgetting how to pray.

The prayers you taught me when a child,

I've often forgot to say;

Tis better for the heart should break,

Than to forget to pray.

Hark! hark! a shout of joy

Now trembles in the air;

Mother, the God who rules the storm

Has heard somebody's prayer;

The winds now roll—the waves go down,

Hope, glimmers everywhere.

And see upon your bollow's crest,

In silver sheets the sun is lying;

The winds are sinking in the west,

And all our fears are dying—

There is a calm in every breast—

All eyes have ceased their crying.

Mother, when I've gained the land,

And held thy aged, trembling hand,

I'll kneel with thee to pray;

And oh, I'll bless the God on high,

Who drives the storm clouds from the sky,

And bids the waves in slumber lie;

For then will teach me what to say.

At Sea, Sunday, Oct. 12, 1862.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—The annual auction of the pews in Beecher's (Plymouth) church to the highest and best bidder, took place on Tuesday evening last, in the holy precincts of the Temple. The chief priest was himself on hand. Such bartering and huckstering for prominent seats, and such a display of money changing, have never before been seen in a house of worship since Christ scoured a similar class of fellows out of the Jewish temple. The scene was a remarkable though by no means a novel one. It required no stretch of the imagination to believe that one was in a common auction room. There was the auctioneer, bland and pleasant. The pulpit was his temporary rostrum and he was surrounded by eager bidders and attentive clerks. The Plymouth board opened with great activity, and competition was warmly kept up during the evening. The results of the auction, it is reported, will scarcely be under thirty thousand dollars. The Wall-street men had better look out; for here is a good chance for investment. Hudson river, and the Erie railroad stock are as nothing to the stock of the Plymouth Association. Even gold speculators must stand astagh at the solidity of the Plymouth Rocks. Mr. Beecher may congratulate himself on having such a congregation; but hereafter he must never attempt to harangue them from the text. And to the poor the Gospel is preached. This would never do.—New York Herald.

A young fellow has as good a right to spoil a magazine full of essays in learning how to write, as an occultist has to spoil a hat-full of eyes in learning how to operate for cataract.

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as the nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

ICE IN DIPHTHERIA.—We sometimes since published an account of the cure of diphtheria, by the application of ice, small pieces of which were put in the mouth of the patient and allowed to dissolve. The French Revue Therapeutique, contains a paper by Dr. A. De Grand, Boulogne, late French Vice Consul at Havana, in which he mentions ice as an infallible specific, and cites several cases in which it was applied with success.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "President of the Woman's League," is out in the Tribune with a new appeal to the women of the nation. She would be more profitably employed in looking after her patriotic husband and hopeful son, whose robberies of the government are fragrantly fresh in the public nostrils.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy the occasion. With tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said: "I don't keer a darn; there's plenty more men in the world, any-how!"

C. Arnold, member of Congress from the State of Illinois, says: "The devil has no bribe big enough to tempt Abraham Lincoln." Perhaps few men know more about the size of the devil's bribe than this man, Arnold. Who imagines that the devil has any idea of trying to bribe Lincoln? The most likely thing is, that Lincoln might set out to bribe the devil. Poor devil, he has no such printing presses to make money as Lincoln has, and could not hold a candle to him in the bribery business.

In a report of the proceedings of an Agricultural meeting at Springfield, Ill., we find the following statement:

"A man who grew one hundred and thirteen bushels of Dutton corn per acre, had ears from twelve to fifteen inches in length."

With a wife the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more respected and useful, the merchant more industrious, and the merchant gets better credit; in short, a man without a wife is no man at all.

From the Dayton Empire.

Loyalty & Domestic Life.

Mr. Ferguson was staying out pretty late, but that was nothing unusual, since the Loyalty League had been established. The government was in danger, and had to be set up with. Mrs. Ferguson knew that her husband was loyal, and she was willing to forego many of the pleasures of domestic life, in order that Mr. Ferguson might have time to report to the league the result of his eves-droppings, as well as to hear from others of the treasonable conversation and conduct of the copperheads. Mrs. Ferguson took a lively interest in these important matters, and her husband never concealed from her the names of those among their neighbors who were supposed to be disloyal. She knew who ought to be hung, and who ought to be shot, just as well as he did, and they exchanged opinions on the subject with the utmost freedom. Mrs. Ferguson was satisfied that some startling development had been made in the league, for it was almost 2 o'clock, and no word of Mr. Ferguson. Nothing short of a tremendous copperhead conspiracy could explain his prolonged absence. But hark! there is some one at the gate: "She arises and goes to the window." Is that you, Erastus? Yes, Sirfry, [sic] that's me—it's your own loyal Rastus—it's Mr. [sic] Ferg's'n, Sirfry. Vallyang'm couldn't come in. H're for Bruff—he's [sic] he's the stuff, Sirfry. Why, my dear what's the matter? do come in—I am in, Sirfry—I'm all right; I said V'lomigun couldn't come in—that's what's the matter! Where's the [sic] matches, Sirfry? [sic] She lights a candle, and Mr. F. continues: I see they're up yet over at Plummers—cop[hic]heads are always up to see when loyal men come home! [Mrs.] F. comes to the door with the candle.—G'win the house, you d—n copper[hic]—and mind your own business, you—Oh, Mr. Ferguson! Mr. Ferguson! how can you talk so to your poor wife? Scuse me, Sirfry, I wasn't talking to you—it was Mrs. Plum[hic]ner I was talking to—do you think it was you, Sirfry? I am chilled through, Mr. Ferguson—F.you're chilled through, how d'ya think Mrs. Plummer [sic] stands it out of doors? You are mistaken my dear, Mr. Plummer hasn't been at the door, at all. Wasn't ch?—reckon I don't see her stand thereto yet hold'n the [sic] can't—watch'us. Why, no, Erastus, it is you see, holding the candle.—That's a fact—so it is—we've moved across the street, haven't we Sirfry. No, no, Mr. Ferguson, you must certainly—You're right, Sirfry, it's Plummer, that's [sic] moved—then what's the matter? Oh, I see it all, Mr. Ferguson—you've been drinking—oh, dear, did I ever think you wood come to that! Hold on, [sic] hold on, Mrs. Ferguson—your slannerin' a good loyal citizen—you must be walking in your sleep—you wouldn't talk so if you was awake—Do you see what this is, Mrs. Ferguson?—No, no, I see enough, I—Hold on, Mrs. Ferguson, you [sic] mustn't use no irreverent language in my presence—that's the old flag, Mrs. Ferg's'n—that was [sic] presented the night—that's what's the matter—and you mustn't [sic] insult it if you are asleep! Where'll I set this gi-lorus old ban'r, Sirfry, so Plumm'r can see't—bleve I'll step out doors and stick it on the fence, while you're wakin' yourself up. I g'win for a vig [sic]—higorous prosecution of the wopper[hic]—hopper—copper heads, a'w I do, an' Mrs. Ferg's[n]—Ferg's'n don't persly apol'gise for bein' asleep last night, and not s'lute this nas'h'l emblem, I'll sell out the trap on five dollars credit, for all sums over 6 months—that's what's the matter Sirfry. [sic] Mr. Ferguson fell on one side of the fence, and the nas'h'l emblem on the other. Mrs. F. doubtless apologised for her respectful sonnologism,—at all events, Ferguson has neither sold out nor enlisted.]

From the Hartford Times.

A Prophetic Advertisement.

We find the following advertisement in a Massachusetts paper of February, 1861. That was before Lincoln's inauguration. How truthful and prophetic the words of this honest old farmer have now proved, in the terrible realities which have since transpired:

FOR SALE.

A FARM, containing ninety-five acres or more of good land, situated—or located—right in sight of Amherst College, within one and a quarter of a mile.

Also, one-half of a SAW MILL, situated at the mouth of Miller's River, in Montague.

If J. C. Breckinridge had been chosen President, my property would have been worth Eight Thousand Dollars; but now, since Lincoln has been chosen President, I don't know what it will bring; I want to sell out and go away. I want to go away from Abolitionism—away from Maine Lawism—away from Neal Dowism—away from Aristocracy. I want to go away from all! Secessionism. I want to go in some country where men are kind to each other—where men love each other—where men are attached and honest to each other. I don't want to go into a country where men make Hobby Horses out of Abolitionism and Neal Dowism to ride into office on.

I want to go into a country where men feel as men felt about the time that Jefferson, Madison, Washington, Adams, and others, when they signed the Constitution of the United States. I want to go in some country where men feel as men felt about the time that Putnam, Warren, Washington and Stark signed the Declaration of Independence. I should love to go into some country and live with men that feel as the old, honest-hearted soldiers felt in the time of the American Revolution. I should love to go and live with them by day, and go and sleep with them in their tents by night. I should love to stand up with them, shoulder to shoulder, on the battle-ground. I love the old, honest-hearted soldiers. I remember what they have done for us. I remember them with respect and esteem.

But alas! by faction and sedition the walls of Jerusalem fell; and by Abolitionism and Neal Dowism our walls (Union, liberty and the Old Constitution) will fall and crumble to the dust.

A voice from the South—a voice from the West—a voice from the East—a voice from the North—a voice from the four winds—already to begin to cry: Woe—Woe—Woe—to our Union—our Liberty—our Country and our Countrymen.

In civil war rich men and poor men will tumble together, and dead men will be piled up in heaps.

The Old Democrat wants to sell out and go away. PORTER COWLES.

Hadley, Feb. 27th, 1861.

It is evident from the history of woman's creation, that, say what you will of her, she is only a side-issue.

FRANK & COONS.  
Attorneys at Law,  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

PROMPT ATTENTION PAID TO COLLECTING.  
June 19, 1862.

J. K. SUMMALL,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

WILL practice in the Courts of Mason and adjoining counties.

OFFICE—West side of Court Street.  
Jan 15, 1862.

E. C. PHISTER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE ON THE WEST SIDE OF COURT ST.  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

August 14, 1862.

REMOVAL!

LOUIS STINE would respectfully inform his customers and friends that he has removed to Cadwallader's Building in the room formerly occupied by the Telegraph Office.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

LOUIS STINE

MERCHANT TAILOR  
AND GENTS FURNISHER,  
SECOND STREET, MAYSVILLE, KY.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A  
CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF ALL SEASONABLE GOODS  
IN BARRELS, HALF BARRELS AND 10 GAL. KEGS, FOR  
SALE LOW BY

BEN PHISTER,  
Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

TOBACCO OF ALL GRADES AND PRICES, FOR SALE  
BY BEN PHISTER,  
Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

VINEGAR OF THE BEST QUALITY, FOR SALE BY  
BEN PHISTER,  
June 19.

APPLE BRANDY—OLD AND MELLOW OF BEST  
QUALITY, IN STORE AND FOR SALE BY  
BEN PHISTER,  
June 19.

FISH—Mackerel and White Fish, in barrels,  
half barrels, quarter barrels and kits, of best  
brands for sale at lowest rates by

BEN PHISTER,  
June 19.

TEA—A very superior article, the best import-  
ed, in store and for sale by

BEN PHISTER,  
June 19.

ICE—The pure Carolina Rice, for sale by

BEN PHISTER,  
June 19.

CANDLES—Star & Smaller Mould Candles  
of best quality, at BEN PHISTER'S

BROOMS,  
A large supply of best quality, for sale by

BEN PHISTER,  
Mar 5.

NEW MACKEREL;  
21 BARRELS NO 1 MACKEREL;  
20 Barrels No 2 do;  
20 half barrels No 1 do;  
20 " " 2 do;  
25 " " 1 do;  
25 " " 2 do;  
25 Kits No 1 do;  
25 " " 2 do.

Just received direct from Boston and for sale at

BEN PHISTER'S.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

I HAVE A GOOD STOCK OF LEATHER

AND FINDINGS: NEW YORK, BUFFALO AND CINCINNATI SOLES; FRENCH AND AMERICAN CALF AND KIP SKINS; UPPER LEATHER, &c.; &c.

MAKERS OF CLOTHING.

WHICH, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE CELEBRATED CUTTER JEROME F. YOUNG, WILL BE

EVERYTHING IMPORTED.

They are in receipt of Scores' and Glenross' Latest Patents, and can insure all who call on them, a fashionable suit at the most reasonable terms.

They keep on hand a large and well selected assortment of GENTH'S FURNISHING GOODS!!

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH YOKE SHIRT; NECK-

TIRES; COLLARS; GLOVES; HANDKER-

CHIEFS; UMBRELLAS; &c.; &c.

TRUNKS, VALISES AND CARPET SACKS

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF COAL OIL, FOR SALE

FOR ALL USES, AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

Maysville, October 5th, 1863.

COAL OIL—The best Coal Oil for lamps  
at retail ALEX. MADDOX

BLUE GRASS SEED—Best quality, for sale low by